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THE
ENGLISH GARDEN,
BOOK THE SECOND.

HAIL to the Art, that teaches Wealth and Pride
How to possess their wish, the world's applause,
Unmixt with blame! that bids Magnificence
Abate its meteor glare, and learn to shine
Benevolently mild; like her, the Queen
Of Night, that, sailing thro' autumnal skies,
Gives to the bearded product of the plain
Her ripening lustre, lingering as she rolls,
And glancing cool the salutary ray
That fills the fields with plenty*. Hail the Art
Like that blest ray benign. Hail it ye swains!

* This simile, founded on the vulgar error concerning the Harvest Moon, however false in philosophy, may, it is hoped, be admitted in poetry.

For hark ! your herds with lowings glad proclaim
 Its influence, as they wander o'er the lawns
 Restor'd to them and Nature ; now no more
 Shall Fortune's Minion rob them of their right, 15
 Or round his dull domain with lofty wall
 Oppose their jocund presence. Gothic Pomp
 Frowns and retires, his proud behests are scorn'd ;
 And now immortal Truth exalts her voice,
 And she is heard. " Oh let not man misdeem, 20
 " Waste is not Grandeur, Fashion ill supplies
 " My sacred place, and Beauty scorns to dwell
 " Where Use is exil'd." At the awful sound
 The terrace sinks spontaneous ; on the green,
 Broider'd with crisped knots, the tonfile yews 25
 Wither and fall ; the fountain dares no more
 To fling its wasted crystal thro' the sky,
 But pours salubrious o'er the parched lawn
 Rills of fertility. Oh best of Arts
 That works this happy change ! true Alchymy, 30
 Beyond the Rosicrucian boast, that turns
 Deformity

Deformity to grace, expence to gain,
 And pleas'd returns to Earth's maternal lap
 The long-lost stores of AMALTHEA's horn.

When such the theme, the Poet smiles secure 35
 Of candid audience, and with touch assur'd
 Resumes his reed ASCRÆAN; eager he
 To ply its warbling stops of various note
 In Nature's cause, that Albion's listening youths,
 Inform'd erewhile to scorn the long-drawn lines 40
 Of straight formality, alike may scorn
 Those quick, acute, perplex'd, and tangled paths,
 That, like the snake crush'd by the sharpen'd spade,
 Writhe in convulsive torture, and full oft,
 Thro' many a dank and unfunn'd labyrinth, 45
 Mislead our step; till giddy, spent, and foil'd,
 We reach the point where first our race began.
 These Fancy priz'd erroneous, what time Taste,
 An infant yet, first join'd her to destroy
 The measur'd platform; into false extremes 50

What marvel if they stray'd, as yet unskill'd
 To mark the form of that peculiar curve,
 Alike averſe to crooked and to ſtraight,
 Where ſweet Simplicity reſides; which Grace
 And Beauty call their own; whoſe lambent flow 55
 Charms us at once with ſymmetry and eaſe.
 'Tis Nature's curve, inſtinctively ſhe bids
 Her tribes of Being trace it. Down the ſlope
 Of yon wide field, ſee, with its gradual ſweep,
 The ploughing ſteers conduct their fallow ridge; 60
 The peaſant, driving thro' each ſhadowy lane
 His team, that bends beneath th' incumbent weight
 Of laughing CERES, marks it with his wheel;
 At night, and morn, the milkmaid's careleſs ſtep
 Has, thro' yon paſture green, from ſtile to ſtile, 65
 Impreſt a kindred curve; the ſcudding hare
 Draws to her dew-ſprent ſeat, o'er thymy heaths,
 A path as gently waving; mark them well;
 Compare, pronounce, that, varying but in ſize,
 Their forms are kindred all; go then, convinc'd 70

That

THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

5

That Art's unerring rule is only drawn
 From Nature's sacred source; a rule that guides
 Her ev'ry toil; or, if she shape the path,
 Or scoop the lawn, or, gradual, lift the hill.
 For not alone to that embellish'd walk,
 Which leads to ev'ry beauty of the scene,
 It yields a grace, but spreads its influence wide,
 Prescribes each form of thicket, copse, or wood,
 Confines the rivulet, and spreads the lake.

75

Yet shall this graceful line forget to please,
 If border'd close by sidelong parallels,
 Nor duly mixt with those opposing curves
 That give the charm of contrast. Vainly Taste
 Draws thro' the grove her path in easiest bend,
 If, on the margin of its woody sides,
 The measur'd greenward waves in kindred flow;
 Oft let the verge recede, and oft approach,
 With varied breadth, now sink into the shade,
 Now to the sun its verdant bosom bare.

80

85

B

As

6 THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

As vainly wilt thou lift the gradual hill 90
To meet thy right-hand view, if, to the left,
An equal hill ascends; in this, and all
Be free, be various, as is Nature's self.

For in her wildness is there oft an art,
Or seeming art, which, by position apt, 95
Arranges shapes unequal, so to save
That correspondent poize, which unpreserv'd
Would mock our gaze with airy vacancy.

Yet fair Variety, with all her powers,
Assists the Ballance; 'gainst the barren crag 100
She lifts the pastur'd slope; to distant hills
Opposes neighb'ring shades; and, central oft,
Relieves the flatness of the lawn, or lake,
With studded tuft, or island. So to poize 105
Her objects, mimic Art may oft attain;
She rules the foreground; she can swell or sink
Its surface; here her leafy screen oppose,
And there withdraw; here part the varying greens, 110

And

THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

7

And croud them there in one promiscuous gloom,
As best befits the Genius of the scene. 110

Him then, that sov'reign Genius, Monarch sole,
Who, from creation's primal day, derives
His right divine to this his rural throne,
Approach with meet obeisance; at his feet
Let our aw'd art fall prostrate. They of Ind, 115
The Tartar tyrants, Tamerlane's proud race,
Or they in Persia thron'd, who shake the rod
Of power o'er myriads of enervate slaves,
Expect not humbler homage to their pride
Than does this sylvan Despot*. Yet to those 120
Who do him loyal service, who revere
His dignity, nor aim, with rebel arms,
At lawless usurpation, is he found

B 2

Patient

* See Book the First, line 84. See also Mr. Pope's Epistle to Lord Burlington, line 57.

Consult the Genius of the place in all, &c.

A fundamental rule, which is here further enlarged upon from line 126.

8 THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

Patient and placable, receives well pleas'd
 Their tributary treasures, nor disdains 125
 To blend them with his own internal store.

Stands he in blank and desolated state,
 Where yawning crags disjointed, sharp, uncouth,
 Involve him with pale horror? in the clefts
 Thy welcome spade shall heap that fust'ring mould 130
 Whence sapling Oaks may spring; whence clust'ring crouds
 Of early underwood shall veil their sides,
 And teach their rugged heads above the shade
 To tow'r in shapes romantic: Nor, around
 Their flinty roots, shall ivy spare to hang 135
 Its gadding tendrils, nor the moss-grown turf,
 With wild thyme sprinkled, there refuse to spread
 Its verdure. Awful still, yet not austere,
 The Genius stands; bold is his port, and wild,
 But not forlorn, nor savage. On some plain 140
 Of tedious length, say, are his flat limbs laid?
 Thy hand shall lift him from the dreary couch,

Pillowing

THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

99

Pillowing his head with swelling hillocks green,
 While, all around, a forest-curtain spreads
 Its waving folds, and blesses his repose. 145
 What, if perchance in some prolific soil,
 Where Vegetation strenuous, uncontroll'd,
 Has push'd her pow'rs luxuriant, he now pines
 For air and freedom? soon thy sturdy axe,
 Amid its interwisted foliage driv'n, 150
 Shall open all his glades, and ingress give
 To the bright darts of day; his prison'd rills,
 That darkling crept amid the rustling brakes,
 Shall glitter as they glide, and his dank caves,
 Free to salubrious Zephyrs, cease to weep. 155
 Meanwhile his shadowy pomp he still retains,
 His Dryads still attend him; they alone
 Of race plebeian banish'd, who to croud
 Not grace his state, their boughs obtrusive flung.

Thus, to the native character he bears, 160
 Our Art adapts that voluntary aid

C

She

She draws from Nature. Other gifts are hers
 Which to the Genius she shall gladly bring,
 And he shall graceful wear. Has she not dar'd,
 Like they of Fairy race, the Red-cross Knight 165
 Arthur, or Guion, or that courteous chief
 Hight Callidore, who, from the blatant beast,
 Preserv'd fair Pastorell †, to burst the bonds
 Of Fashion, base enchantress, and her charms
 Dissolve? she has *; and, from the falling wreck 170
 Of her fantastic kingdom, cull'd with care
 Those reliques rich which genuine fancy form'd,
 Or imitative art, from classic times,
 Portray'd with faithful pencil; these the hag
 Had purloin'd, and in Folly's fane dispos'd. 175
 Now are they rescu'd; bear we, then, to him
 The well-earn'd trophies of our victory,

And,

† See Spenser's Fairy Queen, Book vi. Canto 12.

* See Book I. line 390, where the false taste, which formerly prevailed in Gardening, is expos'd: The rest of the passage alludes to adventitious ornaments; such as Statues, Vases, &c. the use and abuse of which will form the subject of the fourth Book.

THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

11

And, on the favour'd spot his choice selects,
 Conspicuous let us place them; he shall teach
 Our dubious judgment, from the varied mass 180
 Of artificial graces, how to choose
 The easiest, and the best; on these his seal
 Shall stamp great Nature's image, and his own,
 To please for unborn ages. Fling the rest
 Back to the Beldame, bid her whirl them all 185
 In her vain vortex, lift them now to day,
 Now plunge in night, as flits the transient beam
 On the dank bosom of an April cloud.

But chief consult him ere thou dar'st decide
 Th' appropriate bounds of Pleasure, and of Use; 190
 For Pleasure, lawless pirate, oft invades
 Her neighbour's right, and turns to idle waste
 Her treasures; curb her then in scanty bounds
 Whene'er the scene permits that just restraint:
 The curb restrains not Beauty; sov'reign she 195
 Still triumphs, still unites each subject realm,

And bleſſes both impartial. Why then fear
 Left, if thy fence contract the ſhaven lawn,
 It does her wrong? She points a thouſand ways,
 And each her own, to cure the needful ill. 200
 Where'er it winds, and freely muſt it wind,
 She bids, at ev'ry bend, thick-bloſſom'd tufts
 Croud their inwoven'd tendrils; is there ſtill
 A void? Lo, Lebanon her cedar lends!
 Lo all the ſtately progeny of Pines 205
 Come, with their floating foliage richly robed,
 To fill that void! meanwhile acroſs the mead
 The wand'ring flocks that browse between the ſhades
 Seem oft to paſs their bounds; the dubious eye
 Decides not if they crop the mead or lawn. 210

Browse then your fill, fond Foreſters! to you
 Shall ſturdy Labour quit his daily taſk
 Well pleas'd; nor longer o'er his uſeleſs plots
 Dip in the dew the ſplendor of his ſcythe.
 He, leaning on that ſcythe, with carols gay 215

Salutes

Salutes his fleecy substitutes, that rush
 In bleating chase to their delicious task,
 And, spreading o'er the plain, with eager teeth
 Devour it into verdure. Browse your fill
 Fond Foresters! the soil that you enrich 220
 Shall still supply your morn and evening meal,
 With choicest delicacies; whether you choose
 The vernal blades, that rise with seeded stem
 Of hue purpureal; or the clover white,
 That in a spiked ball collects its sweets; 225
 Or trembling fescue: every favourite herb
 Shall court your taste, ye harmless epicures!
 Meanwhile permit that with unheeded step
 I pass beside you, nor let idle fear
 Spoil your repast, for know the lively scene, 230
 That you still more enliven, to my soul
 Darts inspiration, and impells the song
 To roll in bolder descant; while, within,
 A gleam of happiness primæval seems
 To snatch me back to joys my nature claim'd, 235

Ere vice defil'd, ere slavery sunk the world,
 And all was faith and freedom: Then was man
 Creation's king, yet friend; and all that browse
 The plain, or skim the air, or dive the flood,
 Paid him their liberal homage; paid unaw'd
 In love accepted, sympathetic love
 That felt for all, and blest them with its smiles.
 Then, nor the curling horn had learn'd to sound
 The savage song of chase; the barbed shaft
 Had then no poison'd point; nor thou, fell tube!
 Whose iron entrails hide the sulphurous blast,
 Satanic engine, knew'st the ruthless power
 Of thundering death around thee. Then alike
 Were ye innocuous thro' your ev'ry tribe,
 Or brute, or reptile; nor by rage or guile
 Had giv'n to injur'd man his only plea
 (And that the tyrant's plea*) to work your harm.
 Instinct, alas, like wayward reason, now

* Alluding to Milton,

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
 The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds;

Paradise Lost, book iv. line 393.

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15

Veers from its pole. There was a golden time
 When each created being kept its sphere 255
 Appointed, nor infrang'd its neighbour's right.
 The flocks, to whom the grassy lawn was giv'n,
 Fed on its blades contented; now they crush
 Each scion's tender shoots, and, at its birth,
 Destroy, what, sav'd from their remorseless tooth; 260
 Had been the tree of Jove. Ev'n while I sing,
 Yon wanton lamb has cropt the woodbine's pride,
 That bent beneath a full-blown load of sweets,
 And fill'd the air with perfume; see, it falls;
 The busy bees, with many a murmur sad, 265
 Hang o'er their honied loss. Why is it thus?
 Ah, why must Art defend the friendly shades
 She rear'd to shield you from the noontide beam?
 Traitors forbear to wound them! say, ye fools!
 Does your rich herbage fail? do acrid leaves 270
 Afford you daintier food? I plead in vain;
 For now the father of the fleecy troop
 Begins his devastation, and his ewes
 Croud to the spoil, with imitative zeal.

Since then, constrain'd, we must expel the flock,
 From where our saplings rise, our flow'rets bloom,
 The song shall teach, in clear preceptive notes,
 How best to frame the Fence, and best to hide
 All its foreseen defects; defective still,
 Tho' hid with happiest art. Painful sure
 When such the theme, befits the Poet's task:
 Yet must he try, by modulation meet
 Of varied cadence, and selected phrase,
 Exact yet free, without inflation bold,
 To dignify the subject; try to form
 That magic sympathy of sense with sound,
 Which pictures all it sings; while Grace awakes
 At each blest touch, and, on the lowliest things,
 Scatters her rainbow hues.—The first, and best
 Is that, which, sinking from our eye, divides,
 Yet seems not to divide the haven lawn,
 And parts it from the pasture; for if there
 Sheep feed, or dappled deer, their wandering teeth
 Will, smoothly as the scythe, the herbage shave,

And to the pool, with imitative soul,

And leave a kindred verdure. This to keep 295
Heed that thy labourer scoop the trench with care;
For some there are who give their spade repose,
When broad enough the perpendicular sides
Divide, and deep descend : To form perchance
Some vulgar drain, such labour may suffice, 300
Yet not for beauty : here thy range of wall
Must lift its height erect, and, o'er its head
A verdant veil of swelling turf expand,
While smoothly from its base with gradual ease
The pasture meets its level, at that point 305
Which best deludes our eye, and best conceals
Thy lawn's brief limit. Down so smooth a slope
The fleecy foragers will gladly browse ;
The velvet herbage free from weeds obscene
Shall spread its equal carpet, and the trench 310
Be pasture to its base. Thus form thy fence
Of stone, for stone alone, and pil'd on high,
Best curbs the nimble deer, that love to range
Unlimited ; but where tame heifers feed,

Or innocent sheep, an humbler mound will serve 31,
Unlin'd with stone, and but a green-sward trench.
Here midway down, upon the nearer bank
Plant thy thick row of thorns, and, to defend
Their infant shoots, beneath, on oaken stakes,
Extend a rail of elm, securely arm'd 320
With spiculated pailing, in such sort
As, round some citadel, the engineer
Directs his sharp stoccade. But when the shoots
Condense, and interweave their prickly boughs
Impenetrable, then withdraw their guard, 325
They've done their office; scorn thou to retain,
What frowns like military art, in scenes,
Where Peace should smile perpetual. These destroy'd,
Make it thy vernal care, when April calls
New shoots to birth, to trim the hedge assaunt, 330
And mould it to the roundness of the mound,
Itself a shelving hill; nor need we here
The rule or line precise, a casual glance
Suffices to direct the careless sheers.

Yet

Yet learn, that each variety of ground
 Claims its peculiar barrier. When the foss
 Can steal transverse before the central eye,
 'Tis duly drawn; but, up yon neighb'ring hill
 That fronts the lawn direct, if labour delve
 The yawning chasm, 'twill meet, not cross our view;
 No foliage can conceal, no curve correct
 The deep deformity. And yet thou mean'st
 Up yonder hill to wind thy fragrant way,
 And wisely dost thou mean; for its broad eye
 Catches the sudden charms of laughing vales,
 Rude rocks, and headlong streams, and antique oaks
 Lost in a wild horizon; yet the path
 That leads to all these charms expects defence:
 Here then suspend the sportman's hempen toils,
 And stretch their meshes on the light support
 Of hazel plants, or draw thy lines of wire
 In fivefold parallel; no danger then
 That sheep invade thy foliage. To thy herds,
 And pastur'd steeds an opener fence oppose,

Form'd by a triple row of cordage strong, 355
 Tight drawn the stakes between. The simple deer
 Is curb'd by mimic snares; the slenderest twine *
 (If fages err not) that the Beldame spins,
 When by her wintry lamp she plies her wheel,
 Arrests his courage; his impetuous hoof, 360
 Broad chest, and branching antlers nought avail;
 In fearful gaze he stands; the nerves that bore
 His bounding pride o'er lofty mounds of stone,

A

* Linnæus makes this a characteristical property of the fallow deer; his words are, *arctetur filo horizontali*. (see Syft. Nat. Art. *Dama*.) I have sometimes seen feathers tied to this line for greater security, though perhaps unnecessarily. They seem however to have been in use in Virgil's time from the following passage in the Georgicks:

Stant circumfusa pruinis

Corpora magna boum: confertoque agmine cervi

Torpent mole novâ, et fummis vix cornibus extant.

Hos non immixtis canibus, non cassibus ullis,

Puniceæve agitant pavidas formidine pennæ:

Sed frustra oppositum trudentes pectore montem

Cominus obtruncant ferro.

GEORG. lib. 3. v. 368.

Ruæus's comment on the fifth line is as follows: *linea, aut funiculus erat, cui Plumæ implicabantur variis tinctæ coloribus, ad feras terrendas, ut in retia agerentur*. And a simile, which Virgil uses in the twelfth book of the *Æneid*, v. 749, and another in Lucan, *Pharf.* lib. 4. v. 437, clearly prove that the learned Jesuit has rightly explained the passage.

A single thread defies. Such force has Fear,
 When visionary Fancy wakes the fiend,
 In brute, or man, most powerful when most vain.

365

Still must the swain, who spreads these corded guards
 Expect their swift decay. The noontide beams
 Relax, the nightly dews contract the twist.

Oft too the coward hare, then only bold

370

When mischief prompts, or wintry famine pines,
 Will quit her rush-grown form, and steal, with ear
 Up-prick'd, to gnaw the toils; and oft the ram,

And jutting steer drive their entangling horns

Thro' the frail meshes, and, by many a chasm,

375

Proclaim their hate of thralldom. Nothing brooks

Confinement, save degenerate Man alone,

That deems a monarch's smile can gild his chains.

Tir'd then, perchance, of nets that daily claim

Thy renovating labour, thou wilt form,

380

With elm and oak, a rustic balustrade

Of firmest juncture; happy could thy toil

Make it as fair as firm ; but vain the wish,
 Aim not to grace but hide its formal line.

Let those, who weekly, from the city's smoke, 385
 Croud to each neighb'ring hamlet, there to hold
 Their dusty sabbath, tip with gold and red
 The milk-white palifades, that Gothic now,
 And now Chinese, now neither, and yet both,
 Checquer their trim domain. Thy sylvan scene 390
 Would fade, indignant at the tawdry glare.

Come then, thou handmaid of that sister Muse!
 Who, when she calls to life and local forms
 Her mind's creation, on thy aid depends
 For half her mimic power ; sweet Colouring ! come ; 395
 Lend thy delusive help, and pleas'd descend
 Ev'n to thy meanest office ; grind, compound,
 Decide, what kindred hues may surest veil
 The barrier rude, and lose it in the lawn.

She

She comes, and first, with snowy ceruse, joins 400
The ochr'ous atoms that chalybeate rills
Wash from their mineral channels, as they glide,
In flakes of earthy gold ; with these unites
A tinge of blue, or that deep azure gray,
Form'd from the calcin'd fibres of the vine ; 405
And, if she blends, with sparing hand she blends
That base metallic drug then only priz'd,
When, aided by the humid touch of Time,
It gives a Nero's or some tyrant's cheek,
Its precious canker. These with fluent oil 410
Attemper'd, on thy length'ning-rail shall spread
That sober olive-green which Nature wears
Ev'n on her vernal bosom ; nor misdeem,
For that, illumin'd with the noontide ray,
She boasts a brighter garment, therefore Art 415
A livelier verdure to thy aid should bring.
Know when that Art, with ev'ry varied hue,
Portrays the living landscape ; when her hand
Commands the canvas plane to glide with streams,

To wave with foliage, or with flowers to breathe, 420
Cool olive tints, in soft gradation laid,
Create the general herbage : there alone,
Where darts, with vivid force, the ray supreme,
Unfullied verdure reigns ; and tells our eye
It stole its bright reflection from the sun. 425

The paint is spread ; the barrier pales retire,
Snatch'd, as by magic, from the gazer's view.
So, when the fable ensign of the night,
Unfurl'd by mist-impelling Eurus, veils
The last red radiance of declining day, 430
Each scatter'd village, and each holy spire
That deck'd the distance of the sylvan scene,
Are sunk in sudden gloom : The plodding hind,
That homeward hies, kens not the chearing site
Of his calm cabbin, which, a moment past, 435
Stream'd from its roof an azure curl of smoke,
Beneath the sheltering coppice, and gave sign
Of warm domestic welcome from his toil.

Nor

Nor is that Cot, of which fond Fancy draws
This casual picture, alien from our theme. 440
Revisit it at morn; its opening latch,
Tho' Penury and Toil within reside,
Shall pour thee forth a youthful progeny
Glowing with health and beauty: (such the dower
Of equal heav'n) see, how the ruddy tribe 445
Throng round the threshold, and, with vacant gaze,
Salute thee; call the loiterers into use,
And form of these thy fence, the living fence
That graces what it guards. Thou think'st, perchance,
That, skill'd in nature's heraldry, thy art 450
Has, in the limits of yon fragrant tuft,
Marshall'd each rose, that to the eye of June
Spreads its peculiar crimson; do not err,
The loveliest still is wanting; the fresh rose
Of Innocence, it blossoms on their cheek, 455
And, lo, to thee they bear it! striving each,
In panting race, who first shall reach the lawn,
Proud to be call'd thy shepherds. Want, alas!

Has o'er their little limbs her livery hung,
In many a tatter'd fold, yet still those limbs 460
Are shapely; their rude locks start from their brow,
Yet, on that open brow, its dearest throne,
Sits sweet simplicity. Ah, clothe the troop
In such a russet garb as best befits
Their pastoral office; let the leathern scrip 465
Swing at their side, tip thou their crook with steel,
And braid their hat with rushes, then to each
Assign his station; at the close of eve,
Be it their care to pen in hurdled cote
The flock, and when the matin prime returns, 470
Their care to set them free; yet watching still
The liberty they lend, oft shalt thou hear
Their whistle shrill, and oft their faithful dog
Shall with obedient barkings fright the flock
From wrong or robbery. The livelong day 475
Meantime rolls lightly o'er their happy heads;
They bask on sunny hillocks, or disport
In rustic pastime, while that loveliest grace,

Which

Which only lives in action unrestrain'd,
To ev'ry simple gesture lends a charm. 480

Pride of the year, purpureal Spring! attend,
And, in the cheeks of these sweet innocents
Behold your beauties pictur'd. As the cloud
That weeps its moment from thy sapphire heav'n,
They frown with causeless sorrow; as the beam, 485
Gilding that cloud, with causeless mirth they smile.
Stay, pitying Time! prolong their vernal blifs.
Alas! ere we can note it in our song,
Comes manhood's feverish summer, chill'd full soon
By cold autumnal care, till wintry age 490
Sinks in the froze severity of death.

Ah who, when such life's momentary dream,
Would mix in hireling fenates, strenuous there
To crush the venal Hydra, whose fell crests 495
Rise with recruited venom from the wound!
Who, for so vain a conflict, would forego

Thy sylvan haunts, celestial solitude!
 Where self-improvement, crown'd with self-content,
 Await to bless thy votary. Nurtur'd thus
 In tranquil groves, listening to Nature's voice,
 That preach'd from whispering trees, and babbling brooks,
 A lesson seldom learnt in reason's school,
 The wise Sidonian liv'd *: and, tho' the pest
 Of lawless tyranny around him rag'd;
 Tho' Strato, great alone in Persia's gold,
 Uncall'd, unhallow'd by the people's choice,
 Usurp'd the throne of his brave ancestors;
 Yet was his soul all peace; a garden's care
 His only thought, its charms his only pride.

But now the conquering arms of Macedon
 Had humbled Persia. Now Phœnicia's realm
 Receives

* Abdalominus. The fact, on which this episode is founded, is recorded by Diodorus Siculus, Plutarch, Justin, and Q. Curtius; the last is here chiefly followed. M. de Fontenelle and the Abbé Metastasio have both of them treated the subject dramatically.

Receives the Son of Ammon; at whose frown
 Her tributary kings or quit their thrones,
 Or at his smile retain; and Sidon, now 515
 Freed from her tyrant, points the Victor's step
 To where her rightful Sov'reign, doubly dear
 By birth and virtue, prun'd his garden grove.

'Twas at that early hour, when now the Sun
 Behind majestic Lebanon's dark veil 520
 Hid his ascending splendour; yet, thro' each
 Her cedar-vested sides, his flaunting beams
 Shot to the strand, and purpled all the main;
 Where Commerce saw her Sidon's freighted wealth,
 With languid streamers, and with folded sails, 525
 Float in a lake of gold. The wind was hush'd;
 And, to the beech, each slowly-lifted wave,
 Creeping with silver curl, just kist the shore,
 And slept in silence. At this tranquil hour
 Did Sidon's senate, and the Grecian host, 530
 Led by the conqueror of the world, approach
 The secret glade that veil'd the man of toil.

H

Now

Now near the mountain's foot the chief arriv'd,
 Where, round that glade, a pointed aloe screen,
 Entwin'd with myrtle, met in tangled brakes, 535
 That bar'd all entrance, save at one low gate,
 Whose time-disjointed arch with ivy chain'd,
 Bad stoop the warrior train. A pathway green
 Led thro' the pass, skirting a fretful brook
 That leapt o'er moss-grown fragments, where rude Art 540
 Perchance had help'd, but not prescrib'd its way.

Close was the vale and shady; yet, ere long
 Its forest sides retiring, left a lawn
 Of ample circuit, where the widening stream
 Now, o'er its pebbled channel, nimbly tript 545
 In many a lucid maze. From the flower'd verge
 Of this clear rill now stray'd the devious path,
 Amid ambrosial tufts where spicy plants,
 Weeping their perfum'd tears of myrrh, and nard,
 Stood crown'd with Sharon's rose; or where, apart, 550
 The patriarch Palm his load of sugar'd dates

Shower'd

Shower'd plenteous ; where the Fig, of standard strength,
 And rich Pomegranate wrapt, in dulcet pulp,
 Their racy seeds ; or where, with golden fruit
 Mature, the Citron way'd its splendid bough. 555
 Meanwhile the lawn beneath the scatter'd shade
 Spread its serene extent ; a stately file
 Of circling Cypress mark'd the distant bound.

Now, to the left, the path ascending pierc'd
 A smaller sylvan theatre, yet deck'd
 With more majestic foliage. Cedars here,
 Coeval with the sky-crown'd mountain's self,
 Spread wide their giant arms ; whence, from a rock,
 Craggy and black, that seem'd its fountain head,
 The stream fell headlong ; yet still higher rose, 565
 Ev'n in th' eternal snow of Lebanon,
 That hallow'd spring ; thence, in the porous earth,
 Long while ingulph'd, its crystal weight here forc'd
 Its way to light and freedom. Down it dash'd ;
 A bed of native marble pure, receiv'd. 570

The new-born Naiad, and repos'd her wave,
 'Till with o'er-flowing pride it skim'd the lawn.

Fronting this lake there rose a solemn grot,
 O'er which an ancient vine luxuriant flung
 Its purple clusters, and beneath its roof 575
 An unhewn altar. Rich Sabæan gums
 That altar pil'd, and there with torch of pine
 The venerable Sage, now first descri'd,
 The fragrant incense kindled. Age had shed
 That dust of silver o'er his fable locks, 580
 Which spoke his strength mature beyond its prime,
 Yet vigorous still, for from his healthy cheek
 Time had not cropt a rose, or on his brow
 One wrinkling furrow plough'd; his eagle eye
 Had all its youthful lightning, and each limb 585
 The sinewy strength that toil demands and gives.

The Warrior saw and paus'd: his nod withheld
 The crowd at awful distance, where their ears,
 In mute attention, drank the sage's prayer.

“ Parent

“ Parent of Good (he cried) behold the gifts 590
“ Thy humble votary brings, and may thy smile
“ Hallow his custom'd offering. Let the hand
“ That deals in blood, with blood thy shrines distain,
“ Be mine this harmless tribute. If it speaks
“ A grateful heart, what more can hecatombs? 595
“ Parent of Good! they cannot. Purple Pomp
“ May call thy presence to a prouder fane
“ Than this poor cave; but will thy presence there
“ Be more devoutly felt? Parent of Good!
“ It will not. Say then, shall the prostrate heart, 600
“ That deeply feels thy presence, lift its pray'r?
“ But what has he to ask who nothing needs,
“ Save, what unask'd, is, from thy heav'n of heav'ns
“ Giv'n in diurnal good? Yet say, blest Power!
“ Do all that call thee Father thus exult 605
“ In thy propitious presence? Sidon sinks
“ Beneath a tyrant's scourge. Parent of Good!
“ Ah free my captive Country.”—Sudden here
He paus'd and sigh'd. And now, the raptur'd crowd

Murmur'd applause: he heard, he turn'd, and saw 610.
The King of Macedon with eager step
Burst from his warrior phalanx. From the youth,
Who bore its state, the conqueror's own right hand
Snatch'd the rich wreath, and bound it on his brow.
His swift attendants o'er his shoulders cast 615.
The robe of empire, while the trumpet's voice
Proclaim'd him king of Sidon. Stern he stood,
Or, if he smil'd, 'twas a contemptuous smile,
That held the pageant honours in disdain.
Then burst the people's voice, in loud acclaim, 620.
And bad him be their Father. At the word,
The honour'd blood, that warm'd him, flush'd his cheek;
His brow expanded; his exalted step
March'd firmer; graciously he bow'd the head,
And was the Sire they call'd him. "Tell me, King," 625.
Young Ammon cried, while o'er his bright'ning form
He cast the gaze of wonder, "how a soul
"Like thine could bear the toils of Penury?"
"Oh grant me, Gods!" he answer'd, "so to bear

" This

" This load of Royalty. My toil was crown'd 630

" With blessings lost to Kings. Yet, righteous Powers!

" If to my Country ye transfer the boon,

" I triumph in the loss. Let Sidon smile

" With, your best blessings, Liberty and Peace."

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

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"With blessings lost to Kings. Yet righteous Powers!"

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